

The best notice of Channing is in
 Appleton's Cycl. by Sanborn. He is the
 son of Mr. Walter Channing & (~~Barbara~~) Barbara
 Higginson (Perkins) Channing of Boston.
 His mother's mother was the beautiful Barbara
 Higginson of Tichnor's Memoirs, who married
 Samuel S. Perkins of Brookline. (~~Her~~) She
 was my father's sister & her mother was
 a Cleveland; hence C's relationship
 to you; & hence he is my second Cousin
 & also he is my brother in law, my
 first wife being his sister.

He married Ellen ~~Channing~~ ^{Fuller}, younger
 sister of Anne, Boston, & the flower of the
 family. — ^{long since, but} their children are all living
 Margaret Fuller, wife of Theobald Davis of
 Brookline Mass; Caroline Sturgis, wife of
 Follen Cabot of Brookline; Walter, M.D.
 of Brookline [eminent in alienism]; Giovanni
 Eugene of Santa Barbara, Cal. [named after little Bardi]
 & Edward, Ph.D [instructor in history, Harvard Univ'g.]

"The Day has past."

copied by
T. W. Higginson

The day has past, I never may return;
Twelve circling years have run since first I came,
And kindled the pure truth of friendship's flame,
Alone remain these ashes in the urn;
Vainly for light the taper may I turn,
The hand is closed, as for these years, the same,
And in the substance sought is but the name,
No more a look, no more a ray to burn.

But once more in the pauses of thy joy
Remember him who sought thee in his youth,
And, with the old reliance of the boy,
Held for thy treasure in the guise of truth.
The air is thick with sighs; the shaded sun
Shows on the hill-side that the day is done.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison (of Concord, Mass.)
Poems, 2^d series, p. 112.

Tomorrow

Tomorrow comes; dost say, my friend, "Tomorrow"?
Far down below those pines the sunset flings,
Long arching o'er, its lines of endy light,
And the wind murmurs little harmonies,
And underneath their wings the tender birds
Drop their averted heads - silent their songs.
But not a word whispers the morning wind
Nor when in faint array the primal stars
Trail with the banners of the unfurled night,
Nor even when the low-hung moon first glints
And faintly with few touches o'er the wood,
Not there, nor then, doth Nature idly say
Nor whisper idly of another day;
That other moon itself its morrow is
That other day shall see no shade of this.

Wm Ellery Channing (of Concord, Mass)
Poems, 2d series, 1847, p. 113.